

GUINEAS AND POUNDS

More Than the Mere Shilling Difference Between Them.

MONEY CASTE IN ENGLAND.

The Pound Is Straight Business Money, but the Guinea Is the Gentleman's Money—A Nice Distinction in Charges and in Payments.

"Funny thing," said the writer, who had just received a check for £2.2s. from London, "how the editor over in England paid me in guineas, not in English pounds. In fact, it would be an insult if the editor had simply paid me £2."

"They're two kinds of money over there. One kind is straight business money. An even £2 would have meant in effect that I had performed a routine job of some kind, such as compiling a table of statistics for the editor, and that I was being paid for mechanical labor."

"But the editor adds an extra shilling to every pound he pays me. This means that I am not supposed to have performed any work at all, but to have created a work of art and submitted this work of art—otherwise literature—for art's sake."

"My check is written 'Two guineas,' and the envelope in which it is sent me is addressed 'John Smith, Esq.' This in effect is a second recognition that I have submitted a piece of literary art. Yet the figures on the check are '£2.2s.' to prevent errors in book-keeping."

"If I'd been on the staff of the periodical my salary would be paid me in pounds sterling, for then I'd be supposed to be working for pay and, according to English ideas, no longer a gentleman."

"These two kinds of money, guineas and pounds, show up in many curious ways. All professional men are paid in guineas. If you are running a big private school you make a charge in guineas for tuition, and parents of your pupils pay you in guineas because you're supposed to be merely engaging in an altruistic, philanthropic project of building brawn and brain for Britain. But you pay the teachers in your school in pounds sterling, for they're supposed to be working for pay, not for love."

"If you're a doctor you make your bills for professional services out in guineas. Barristers are paid in guineas. Horse race prizes are given in guineas for all gentlemen's races. "The most curious mixture of all is the clergyman's pay. This is a queer mixture of commercial and professional ideas. The charge of a parish is known as a living and is paid in pounds sterling, but if a wedding or a christening takes place in the parish the clergyman receives a personal fee, always guineas instead of pounds."

"Artists are paid in guineas. The late James MacNeill Whistler, who had a delightful habit of trusting a keen wit on friends and making enemies thereby, was once paid for a work of art in pounds sterling, a delicate implication that Whistler was a dauber and a tyro."

"Two trades are paid in guineas for goods purchased, but other trades are paid in pounds sterling. These trades are the interior decorator and the jeweler. The jeweler's goods are supposed to be works of art, and such commercial articles as watch chains and watches are valued in guineas. Certain swell and exclusive London tailors, to whom you have to be introduced, by the way, charge you in guineas for the coats and trousers they consent to make for you."

"Directors of companies were formerly paid in guineas for their attendance. They are now paid in pounds sterling, but when a pound sterling is in minted gold it isn't a pound sterling any more, but a sovereign."

"The idea is that directors of companies are always fed in gold, and as sovereigns only are coined now they are paid in sovereigns. The only exception is the directorate of the Bank of England. The members of the board are paid in golden guineas, part of a small store kept in the bank and dated in the early years of the last century."

"A gentleman wagers with his friends in guineas. He buys a hunter or a pony polo from a friend in guineas, but in pounds from a horse trader. But if he is buying a work horse from a friend and equal he pays in pounds sterling."

"If a gentleman wagers with a bookmaker at a race track he posts his bet in pounds. If he tries to break the bank at Monte Carlo he puts up his wagers on the roulette wheel in gold twenty franc pieces and speaks of his winnings or losses in pounds sterling, while he mentions his winnings or losses at bridge, paid in gold, in guineas."

"There are hundreds of delicate distinctions in British etiquette in the matter of money. One of the most curious is that of a certain London club where the members receive their change in gold, silver and penny postage stamps, neither paper money nor copper being given, and gentlemen are not supposed to know any money except coined gold and silver."—New York Sun.

A Considerate Girl.
Madge: He said you were very punctual, Marjorie—why shouldn't he? I never kept him waiting more than half an hour in my life.—Lippincott's.

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.—Thackeray.

Fred Bacon, while tending a flag saw in East Bethel, was struck at the side of his eye by the saw, cutting quite a gash.

Ed. Dodge lost his barn in Lunenburg recently by fire, caused by the explosion of his lantern.

The deserts of the earth cover about 4,190,000 square miles.

A complete set of British birds' eggs is worth about \$1000.

A MONSTER PLOW.

Designed For Ten Horses, It Took Fifty to Move It.

What is said to be the largest plow in the world was made some years ago at Bakersfield, Cal. This plow was the result of the ingenuity of a ranch superintendent who had authority to make improvements, but not to introduce steam plows. The superintendent had grown very tired of preparing 3,000 acres of land for wheat with ordinary nine or twelve inch plows drawn by two horses.

He argued that if two horses could pull a twelve inch plow six horses could pull a plow thirty-six inches wide and that eight horses could pull a plow forty-eight inches wide. He made the calculations carefully, and, being clever with his pencil, also made drawings and sent for blacksmiths and machinists to construct a plow on his principle.

Some simple folk told him that his great plow would not work, but they contented themselves with saying this dogmatically without giving any mathematical reason therefor. So the superintendent went on with his plans.

The blacksmiths and machinists finished the plow in due time. The share was made to cut a fifty inch furrow. The top of it reached five feet above the ground to give room to throw the earth. The beam was more than a foot thick, but the machine was constructed to run between two great wheels, so that it could be turned around easily, and on the axle between these wheels was the seat for the man who was to drive the ten horses which were hitched to it.

The plow was brought to the great field, the ten horses were attached to it, the handles were raised, the driver mounted his seat, and the team was started. But as soon as the share struck well into the ground the horses stopped short. They were stuck fast. And yet the plow had not gone too deeply into the earth. But it was evident that they could not pull the plow. More horses were brought out, but not until fifty were attached did the plow move along.

Even then it required four men to hold the handles in order to keep the plow in the furrow. It was an economic failure.

The superintendent, through the intervention of some one who was a better mathematician than he, learned that he should have cubed the capacity of his twelve inch plow every time he doubled the width of it.—Harper's Weekly.

MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS.

May Be Measured by Means of an Ordinary Thermometer.

Heights of mountains or of airships can be measured by means of an ordinary thermometer. The greater the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of water the greater temperature it takes to boil it. As we rise in the air less and less pressure of the air occurs, and water will boil at a lower temperature than 100 degrees C. (212 degrees F.). It has been figured out that for a few miles up for every thousand feet of ascent water will boil a degree lower. Thus if at the bottom of a mountain water boils at 99 degrees C. (210.2 degrees F.) and at the top at 98 degrees C. (208.4 degrees F.) the mountain is a thousand feet high.

In government and other scientific work extremely delicate thermometers are used. They are long, so that the scales may be divided into fractions of a degree. The entire instrument for the work is termed a thermobarometer, or hypsometer. It consists of a small metallic vessel for boiling water, on the inside of which are placed these delicate thermometers. Ganot says that the accuracy of the height of a mountain can be obtained within ten feet by means of these instruments. It is probably not quite that accurate, as the pressure of air does not decrease uniformly as we ascend. Nevertheless it is a good adjunct to the surveyor taking largely variable profiles.

Of course the ordinary instrument for taking heights without actually measuring them is the barometer. This is open to the same objection as the thermometer, for its height depends on the pressure of air, which does not decrease uniformly. However, it can be graduated to an empirical scale to tell the heights and in that case shows accuracy.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of Charles Reade.
Charles Mathews was fond of telling a story of Charles Reade when the curtain fell at the old Queen's theater in London on a pronounced failure called "A White Lie." There was no shadow of a call for the author. The curtain divided the audience from the author, who stood on the stage shaking his fist at the invisible foe, still smiling blandly and in mellifluous accents saying: "Infernal idiots! When shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade?"

The Better Part.
Mr. McNabber, says the London Mail, had just told his pastor that he was planning a trip to the Holy Land. "And whither I'm there," he continued, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud from the top of Mount Sinai."

"McNabber," replied the minister gravely, "take my advice. Bide at home and keep them."

Helping Him On.
The Man: No; I don't suppose that I shall ever marry. I'm too shy, don't you know, and I don't heart never win fair lady. The Girl (helping him on): But I'm not fair; I'm dark.—Illustrated Bits.

It is believed that Mrs. Lora A. Lamson of Springfield, who died Wednesday, was the veteran O. E. S. chapter secretary in the state. She has held this office in Ramona Chapter, No. 4, for the past 16 years. She was also prominent as a member of the Woman's Relief corps.

Mrs. Rosalie Wilford of Williams-town observed her 96th birthday anniversary March 20th.

SMASHED BY THE SEA

The Story of a Shipwreck In the English Channel.

FIERCE FURY OF THE STORM.

Wind and Wave Battered the Ship Till Only a Shattered Hulk Remained—A Battle Against the Elements That Ended in Defeat.

We had weathered the western isles and entered latitudes where the prudent mariner shortens sail and keeps a wary eye on the barometer, for the seafarer may talk lightly of mountainous seas off the Horn, but not of a winter gale in the mouth of the English channel when the coast is strewn with wreckage from the Lizard to Beachy and his imagination, accustomed to vast expanses of lonely sea, pictures all sorts of craft jostling one another in dangerous proximity.

A favoring gale from the northwest, not more vicious than the ordinary north Atlantic gale, had kept the ship lively all day and set all hands figuring on pay day. It was not until the afternoon watch that the weather outlook became really threatening. Mountainous walls of green water swung out of the darkness and buffeted her as they passed. Fierce squalls smote her in rapid succession, enveloping her in a smother of spray, heeling her until the yards dipped in the crests of the waves.

At eight bells the wind lulled and hauled a point to the westward, then hurried itself against the ship with accumulated fury. There was a sudden confusion of flying cordage, overwhelming seas hammering upon the decks and the cannonade of canvas stripped from the spars and blown like thisledown to leeward.

Relieved of her top hamper, she staggered erect, dripping like a half tide rock and shaken with the shock of the seas pounding her sides. Halfway on the upward oscillation she poised, checked by the renewed onslaught of the gale as if by the impact of a material obstacle. Rags of canvas streamed from her empty yards. Every wire of her rigging twanged and stretched under the strain.

The deck round the mainmast heaved and was studded with white figures running along its well oiled planks. The heavy steel spar dimpled on one side, then buckled and crashed overboard in a tangle of wreckage.

The ends of severed wire whipped the air, and twisted shrouds sawed to and fro along the ruined bulwarks and struck showers of sparks from the tortured iron work. The hatch covers were stripped from their coverings, boats smashed to firewood and all the intricate superstructure of the vessel swept and broken. Shouted orders were blown back, inaudible to the men covering under the break of the poop, and useless if audible.

What seamanship could contrive was done. Men worked for their lives, finding a foothold on the sea swept deck, hacking the jagged ends of iron wire. But the day of cutting wreckage adrift is gone with wooden spars and hempen cordage. Although the plates gaped and rivets started, the heavy spar held fast alongside, pounding against the iron hull as she rolled in that trough of the sea.

A couple of spare spars were lashed together and launched with infinite danger through the gap in the broken bulwarks. But no improvised sea anchor could hold her to windward amid the tumult of such a sea. She was no longer a ship, but a ruined fabric, crushed and sagging to leeward under the weight of the elements.

Morning brought an abatement of the fury of the gale. Standing on the poop, surveying her shattered bulk, her skipper turned quietly to his mate and asked, "Is the port lifeboat seaworthy?"

"Carpenter reports that it is, sir," replied his subordinate.

The skipper stood for awhile in silence, noting the sluggish life of the deck under his feet. "Suppose we've got to leave her," he said. "What d'ye think?"

It is the sole occasion where the master mariner will deign to consult and be advised by his inferior officer. "She can't float much longer, sir," replied the other sympathetically. It might be that in his time he, too, would require to seek similar advice.

"Ah," said the skipper heavily, "and I saw her launched." He crossed over to the teak life rail and laid his hand on it, fondling it affectionately. "All right, mister," he said at last. "We're right in the track of shipping. Pass the word along to put a bag of biscuits aboard and fill the breakers with water."—Fall Mail Gazette.

Short and to the Point.

One of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Phillips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case.

Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply, "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this—that his client has received a good sound horsewhipping—and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

The Boy and the Bear.

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. Algy met a bear; the bear was bulky; the bulge was Algy."—London News.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so oneself.—Sir Arthur Helps.

With tender affection Mark Harbour of Woolford placed 100 bricks in his carriage one cold morning last week to keep his wife's feet warm on a drive to Pennington. When a short way on their journey Mrs. Harbour smelled something burning and lifted the robe to find her dress ablaze. Quick work put out the fire but the dress was ruined.

The horizon is a little more than 10 miles away if one stands 10 feet above a level plain or a lake.

A COMEDIAN'S TRICK.

Ruse by Which He Escaped Arrest and Had His Debts Paid.

Many amusing stories are told of Joe Haines, a comedian of the time of Charles II, sometimes called "Count" Haines. It is said that he was arrested one morning by two bailiffs for a debt of £20, when he saw a bishop to whom he was related passing along in his coach. With ready resource he immediately saw a loophole for escape, and, turning to the men, he said, "Let me speak to his lordship, to whom I am well known, and he will pay the debt and your charges into the bargain."

The bailiffs thought they might venture this, as they were within two or three yards of the coach, and acceded to the request. Joe boldly advanced and took off his hat to the bishop. His lordship ordered the coach to stop, when Joe whispered to the divine that the two men were suffering from such scruples of conscience that he feared they would hang themselves, suggesting that his lordship should invite them to his house and promise to satisfy them. The bishop agreed, and, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me tomorrow morning, and I will satisfy you."

The men bowed and went away pleased, and early the next day waited on his lordship, who, when they were ushered in, said, "Well, my men, what are these scruples of conscience?"

"Scruples?" replied one of them. "We have no scruples! We are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20, and your lordship kindly promised to satisfy us."

The trick was strange, but the result was stranger, for his lordship either appreciating its cleverness or considering himself bound by the promise he had unintentionally given, there and then settled with the men in full.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.

His Decision in a Case of a Woman With Two Husbands.

There was a Chinese judge named Wang, who was as wise as Solomon. Before Wang two men and a woman appeared. The older man was the woman's first husband. He had gone to the wars and been reported dead. Now he returned alive to claim his wife. But she meanwhile had married the younger man, who refused to give her up; hence all three came before Wang that he might decide this truly difficult case.

"Yang Ki," said the judge to the woman, "which of these two men made the better husband?"

"Both were perfect husbands, my lord judge," Yang Ki modestly replied.

So the judge told the men that he would keep the woman by him for a week, examining her thoroughly, and a week hence he would decide the case. Well, the week passed, and the two husbands came once more before the judge. He shook his head gravely and said to them:

"The woman, Yang Ki, has died. There is no case. Let her original husband take the body away from my house and pay for the burial."

"Ho, not I!" said the original husband. And, so saying, he darted from the court and was soon lost to view.

"You, then," said the judge to the other man, "must stand these burial expenses."

"Yes," the man answered, "that is just, and I will give this woman, who was good and kind, the finest burial my purse will allow."

The judge clapped his hands. Yang Ki, blushing and smiling, entered the courtroom in a rich dress of gold brocade.

"Take her," said the wise judge, "for you and not the other, merit her love and service."

How the Rash Comes.
In measles a rash appears on the fourth day of the fever. It is first seen on the forehead, face and neck, afterward over the whole body. It consists of raised red spots. In scarlet fever the rash appears on the second day of the fever, commencing on the upper part of the chest and neck, whence it spreads over the body. A smallpox eruption is seen on the third or fourth day on the face, neck and wrists. In chicken pox the eruption is made of small blebs. In typhoid fever the rash rarely shows itself before the seventh day of the fever. The spots are rose colored, and they disappear on pressure.

Diplomatic Politeness.
There are two kinds of politeness, politeness to yourself and politeness to others.

When you come home late at night, for example, even if you are very tired, always remove your hat and coat before getting into bed. It is little attentions like this that constitute you a gentleman. At the same time, do not disturb your wife if you can possibly avoid it. It is the height of rudeness to awaken a sleeping lady.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

Confidence.

Mr. Golding—So you want to marry my daughter. Do you think that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Jack Win-some—No, sir, but I can support her in a good deal better style than you lived in the first five years after you were married.—Somerville Journal.

An Easier Dose.

Johnny—The medicine ain't so nasty as it useter be, mommer. I'm gettin' used to it. Mommer—Do you take a whole spoonful every hour? Johnny—No'm; I couldn't find a spoon, so I'm usin' a fork.—Cleveland Leader.

Invitations have been issued to the dedication services of the Masonic temple at Bellows Falls, April 5. Grand Master Lee S. Tillison and Governor G. H. Prouty will be guests of honor. A complimentary dance will be given at the temple April 8.

The Rev. I. A. Compton of Shoshone, Idaho, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Essex Junction and will begin his duties May 1.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

When Hunting Was Good and Gray Mares Were Wonders.

REAL SPORT IN THOSE DAYS.

Old Jimmy Chambers Tells About One Haul He Made When He Got More Than He Expected—The Willing Old Horse That Cracked Her Skin.

"Talk about yer huntin' trips," said old Jimmy Chambers. "Why, there ain't no huntin' nowadays; no, not none 'tall—leastwise 'none worth mentionin'." "It was different when I wuz a young feller. Them wuz huntin' days! When you went out to hunt you got sumthin', I tell ye. An' most always ye got a dum sight more 'n ye expected. I remember once down in ole Pennsylvania when I had a hunt as wuz a hunt. I had er ole muzzie loader rifle that could shoot some, I tell ye. An' I wuz no slouch at shootin' in them days myself. I could shoot about as well as the next feller. Well, I went down to the river lookin' fer er deer. I seen one standin' right in front of me. I pulled up the ole muzzie loader an' let her go. Just as I fired a big flash jumped out of the water, an' my shot went plum through him. I seen by the way he fell I'd plugged er hole in him. The deer jest dropped where he stood—never stirred, jest fell stone dead."

"I rushed out into the river an' grabbed my fish 'fore it could float away. With-ther fish under my arm I started fer the deer. An' what d'ye suppose? S' help me, jest back of where that deer stood ther bullet had knocked er hole in that tree big as yer fist, an' out of that hole er regular stream of honey wuz flowin'! That good honey wuz goin' to waste dum fast, an' I hadn't nory er thing to stop it. Jest then er rabbit jumped out of er hole I hadn't noticed, an' I grabbed him by ther hind legs jest as he wuz leavin'. I wuz goin' to stuff him in ther hole when er flock of quail flew up on ther other side of ther tree. They wuz goin' straightaway, an' there wuz more 'n 10,000 of 'em. Ther ole muzzie loader wuzn't loaded, an' them quail wuz gettin' away fast. I wanted some of 'em bad, so I jest let go that ole rabbit right in ther middle of 'em, an' the way he kicked an' clawed as he wuz goin' through ther air wuz a caution. He landed right on top of ther whole bunch, an' when I got over ther seventeen of 'em wuz dead on ther ground—yes, sir, jest seventeen of 'em! An' ther shock had killed ther rabbit too. He wuz all smashed up. I stuck his head in ther hole to stop ther honey till I could go home fer sum barrels."

"I hitched up ther ole gray mare to ther sled an' went back. I chopped that ther ole tree down, an' there wuz honey enough to fill all my barrels. Well, I sling ther deer an' ther fish an' ther rabbit an' ther quail on ther sled an' started home. It wuz some load fer ther ole mare, an' I walked at her head, kinder coaxin' her along. I wuzn't payin' any attention to ther load, an', by gum, when we got up to ther house ther wuz that ther load wuz back in ther middle of ther river. Of course I knowed what wuz ther matter. That ole groundhog harness got wet an' jest stretched. I wuz kind of hungry, so I jest throwed ther harness over a stump an' went into dinner. When I cum out again ther sun had dried ther harness an' ther load wuz just pullin' up to ther stump. That wuz some hunt. Yer don't get nothin' like that nowadays, I tell ye. Them wuz good old days!"

"An', speakin' of ther ole gray mare, she was ther willin'est mare that ever wuz. She'd pull anything yer hitched her to. I tried her, an' she pulled ever-thing. One day I set to myself, 'By gum, I'll give yer er load yer can't pull,' an' I hitched her to er stone boat loaded with all ther bowlders in ther county. She jest took root fine. They growed on that ther ole mare jest like they'd always been there, an' ther next season I sheared jest 375 pounds of wool off'n her. She wuz er good ole mare, I tell ye, an' every year I got 375 pounds of wool so long as she lived. Yer don't have no such horses nowadays, I tell ye."—Outer's Book.

The Pimpinel.
The common pimpinel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics which are rarer, but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpinel is a charming little flower which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting up its petals.

A Deadly Insult.
"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Having seen all the great cities of the world, Mr. Fairbanks comes home with the opinion that Indianapolis beats them to death.

The Russian government has established tea stalls all over the country at which hot water, tea and sugar are served free to all comers. The recent cholera epidemic in that country is responsible for this innovation.

The labor unions of Utica, N. Y., own a lot upon which they propose to erect a labor temple.

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

The Advice a Discerning Woman Gave Unto Her Daughter.

My daughter, wouldst thou know a man's secret? Go to the florist, then. O simple one, for in him every man reposes his confidence.

Yes, by the flowers which he sendeth a woman shall ye judge the quality of a man's love, likewise the quantity and exact stage.

As violets pass unto roses, and roses unto cheap carnations, and carnations unto naught, so passeth his grand passion from the first throes into matrimony.

Lo, at the beginning of a love affair mark with what care a man selecteth his flowers in person, that not a wilted violet shall offend thine eyes!

Yet as time passeth he telephoneth his orders and leaveth it all to the clerk. And there cometh a day when he murreth—wearily, "I say, old chap, make that a standing order, will you?"

Then the florist heaveh a sigh, for he knoweth that the end is at hand. Yes, this is the mark of an engaged man who doeth his duty. So after the wedding bouquets all orders shall cease together, and until he seeketh favors for his wife's grave that man shall not again enter a florist's shop.

For sterner carnations, bought upon the street corner and carried home in a paper bag, are a fit offering for any wife. Yet a funeral rejoiceth the florist's heart and maketh him to smile, for he knoweth that a widower's next order shall be worthy of a new cause and the game shall begin all over again.

Verily, verily, my daughter, I charge thee, account no man in love until he hath gone forth into the gardens and the fields and plucked there a few dinky pansies or stray weeds with his own hands.

For when a man sendeth thee violets it may mean only sentiment, and when he sendeth thee orchids it may be only a bluff, but when he doeth real work for any woman it meaneth business. Selah!—London Tit-Bits.

HAD LUCK ON THE WAY.

The English Thief That Dropped in to See His Lawyer.

Here is a story of a genuine instance of the kind of business which fell to the lot of a once notorious London "thieves' counsel."

One day a thick-set man, with a cropped poll of unmistakably Negrotic cut, slunk into this counsel's room, when the following dialogue took place:

"Morning," said the man, touching his forehead.

"Morning," said the counsel. "What do you want?"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir, our little Ben, sir, has 'ad a misfortune. Fust offence, sir, only a wiper."

"Well, well," interrupted the counsel. "Get on!"

"So, sir, we thought as you'd 'ad all the family business we'd like you to defend him, sir."

"All right," said the counsel; "see my clerk!"

"Yes, sir," continued the thief, "but I thought I'd like to make sure you attend yourself, sir. We're anxious cos it's little Ben, our youngest kid."

"Oh, that will be all right! Give Simmons the fee."

"Well, sir," continued the man, shifting about uncomfortably, "I was going to arst you, sir, to take a little less. You see, sir, wheedlingly—"It's little Ben—his first misfortune!"

"No, no!" said the counsel impatiently. "Clear out!"

"But, sir, you've had all our business. Well, sir, if you won't, so I'll pay you now, sir. And as he doied out the guineas—"I may as well tell you, sir, you wouldn't 'a' got the counters if I hadn't had a little bit of luck on the way."—From "The Recollections of a K. C." by Thomas Edward Crispe.

Funny For Her.

A New England lad was intently watching his aunt in the process of making pies and cake. He seemed very much inclined to start a conversation, an inclination, however, which the aunt in no way encouraged. She continued in silence to assemble the ingredients of a mammoth cake.

"Tell me something funny, auntie," finally ventured the boy.

"Don't bother me, Tommy," said the aunt. "How can I when I am making cake?"

"Oh, you might say, 'Tommy, have a piece of the pie I've just made.' That would be funny for you."—Exchange.

Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper pasted on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

A Relief.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Post.

The Change.

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker."

"No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game but I cannot afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."—Houston Post.

The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Walcott of Bethel, was celebrated Tuesday.

The coal dealers in New York say that the coal consumed in the city during this winter will total about 4,300,000 tons, or a ton to the person.

Roosevelt got out of the Sudan without being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Sirdarship anyway. The Egyptians have been slow for many centuries.

To new subscribers: The Age of January 1, 1911, 50 cents.

Couldn't Say Anything.

The boy had been repeatedly warned about running to the neighbors and had even that day made the best of promises before gaining liberty. Yet no